

P S
3523
A77
M67
1912
MAIN

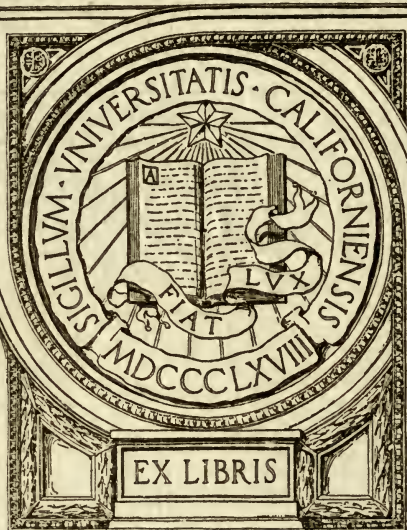
UC-NRLF



\$B 251 886

YB 76418

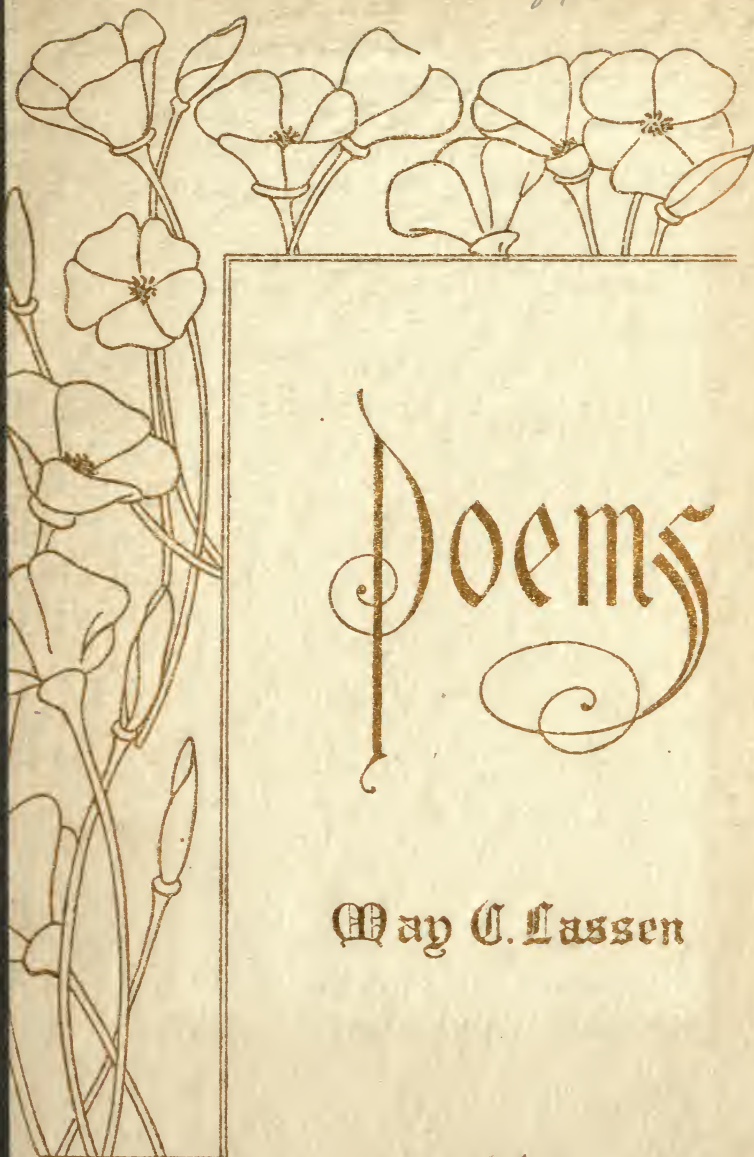
GIFT OF



EX LIBRIS

959
L347

21/2



Poems

May C. Lassen



POEMS

BY

MAY C. LASSEN



WM. M. ALLEN, PRINTER,
RED BLUFF, CAL.

COPYRIGHT. 1912

BY

MAY C. LASSEN

TO THE
AMERICAN
LIBRARY

PS3523
A77M67
1912
MAIN

TO MY HUSBAND
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

280160

INFLUENCE OF POETRY ON LIFE

SOME years ago, when wiseacres were trying to find the cause for the growing dissatisfaction which resulted in divorce, one of them said it lay in the fact that men and women needed to read more poetry. At first this seems an absurd thing to say, but look into it a little. Poetry is ideality. Imagination gives expression, and the development of these qualities brings the power to put one's self into another's place, to understand that other's view point.

It is easy to be patient, to forgive when one has insight into the offender's heart, and can see as he sees. Imagination is a useful characteristic for family comfort. Poetry cultivates the sweeter side of one's nature, and the more practical a person may be in character, or by reason of daily work, a few moments with a great poet are like a breath of fresh air after sitting in a crowded hall. The rhythmic arrangement of words, born from a heart of feelings, influences as only music does. One little verse carried in the mind through the day, will charm impatience away. It uplifts one to where petty things lose their power to annoy. Our grandmothers found this same effect from one or two of the psalms, the grandest poems ever written.

CONTENTS

1	If Thou Could'st Know
2	(My Love (A Kiss
3	The Dove Song
4	Advice
5	Memories
6	The Parting
7	A Plea to Cupid
8	Longing
9	Resignation
10-11	Love Revealed
12-13	Sweet Eventide
14-15	Release
16-17	The Egotist
18	A Gem
19	Pansies
20-21	A Poem
22	Buried Love
23	To a Flower
24	Despair
25	A Prayer
26-27	Despondency
28	Warning
29	Dreaming
30	Inconstant Man
31	(A Thought (A Request



IF THOU COULD'ST KNOW



If thou could'st know
The love I bear to thee,
Is boundless and as free
As great Eternity,
Thou would'st love me.



If thou could'st know
The thoughts I bear of thee,
That cherished memory,
So full of sympathy,
Thou would'st love me,



If thou could'st know
The love that is so slain,
That all enduring pain
I bear for thee in vain,
Thou would'st love me.





MY LOVE

TO MISS CHRISTINE STEVENS

A love I harbor, shelter true,
A love I love, my love, 'tis you;
And so the World I can not miss,
Since all the World is in your kiss.



A KISS

If ever you could love as I,
With passion deep
And passion tender,
Your soul to me you would surrender,
With ecstasy and untold bliss
In one long, lingering, fervent kiss.

THE DOVE SONG

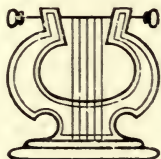
TO VICTOR HARRIS, New York City

(In Song and Verse)

STILL is the night, while nature sleeps,
And all at peace, the twinkling stars
Are shining bright, guiding the night-bird
On its lonely flight, to forests wild.

The faintest stirring of a breeze
Steals silently among the trees.
Rustling leaves awake the dove,
Whose mournful cry is for its love.
Then through the quiet night is heard
The plaintive voice, the echoing word.

Coo, Coo, my love so true,
My love so gentle, I would woo.
Coo, Coo, I am thy mate
Tho' e'er anon I do await,
Coo, Coo, my love for you,



ADVICE
TO CHARMING YOUTH

ALTHO' your weary soul is aching,
Your thoughts are e'er so sad,
E'en tho' your heart is torn and breaking
To the World be always glad.

Trust not your friends, tho' these are many
You think are thine in need;
A silent tongue is ne'er an en'my,
'Tis wiser much indeed.

For envy is the World's true malice,
With hate, goes hand in hand,
E'en noble hearts and minds grow callous,
And greed hard to withstand.

Ah, Time will tell to all the doubting,
If my maxim be not true;
Experience is a guiding master,
His followers ne'er rue.

MEMORIES

WHEN evening shadows come,
And cast fantastic forms
O'er wooded hill and dale
And silv'ry lake forlorn:-
Where gentle zephyrs sigh
And to night winds give way:-
Their murmur'ing echoes tell
The death of closing day:-
When peace and quiet reign
At mid-night's lonely hour:-
Oh, when the soul does claim
New strength from higher Power:-
When all fond hope has fled
And love within is dead:-
Will you remember me,
In lonely days to be,
Dream o'er the happy past,
Regret it could not last.

THE PARTING

I will forgive:-
You must forget:-
 Our lives must be,
 As we'd ne'er met
The World so wide,
We'll drift apart;
 Then mem'rys heart
 Will fade away
Like mist, before
The new-born day.
 The wounds, tho' deep,
 Will heal in time:-
You will forget
That I was thine
 I will forgive:-
 Fate so unkind.

A PLEA TO CUPID

CUPID, with thy bow and arrow,
Thou pierced my heart with Love's true sorrow,
And spoiled my tender hopes divine;
Had'st thou ne'er touched this heart of mine,
Not lured it on with thy sweet lure,
But left me still as cold and pure,
As snow on yonder mountain crest,
No anguish would now pain my breast.

Cupid, with thy bow and arrow,
Oh! pierce with Love's own pining sorrow
Deep down into that other heart,
And let it know the cruel smart
I've felt, and make it feel quite true,
The truth of Life's despairing hue,
The pangs of unrequited love,
Hopeless to reach as stars above.



LONGING

Lovingly To My Friend
BARBARA PENDLETON
Red Bluff, Cal.

In all this vast world,
DOES there not live one single heart,
In unison with mine could beat,
With no desire to ever part?
One that would breathe pure love divine,
Exalting ever soul and mind
To truest and most noble thoughts,
To speak and dream of heavenly ways,
And sacrifice each, day by day
One's self, for pleasures of the other,
And share the sorrow, grief and pain,
Forgetting earth and all things vain.
This love so true, this constant claim,
Would make us one and never twain.



RESIGNATION

TO MRS. COMAN

So long I've slept

BUT the soul's awak'ning true hath come at last,
And into my burdened heart there silently crept
Complete forgiveness of the painful past.

Sweet resignation calms my weary mind,
And all the clouds that blighted many days
Are rent asunder, drifting far away.

On pinions light my restless spirit soars
Beyond the distant sky, and find its home
In Heav'ns pure dome, where joy and peace abide.



LOVE REVEALED

OVER the sloping hills we rode,
You and I together.

Through grassy fields on spirited steeds,
You and I together.

We saw the beautiful wild flowers bright,
Nodding their heads in warm sunlight,
You and I together.

We followed the meadow lark,
That soared so high, into white clouds
Of the bright blue sky;
And we looked at each other with a tell-tale eye,
You and I together.

Into the thicket we did ride,
Pacing our horses side by side,
You and I together.

We heard the distant thunder roar,
And saw the wind sweep all before,
You and I together.

On and onward our steeds we sped,
Through brushwood and grove we madly fled
And hoped escape, from the storm o'er-head
You and I together.

Torrents of rain from the heav'ns did pour,
And flashes of lightning sent o'er and o'er
A thrill to our hearts, deep to the core,
You and I together.

Galloping on with our prancing steeds
Under close shelter of thickest trees
You and I together.

When we at last halted 'fore a wild rocky cave
As cold and silent as a grave

We entered, protected from the storm's rage
You and I together.

We waited and watched, till the storm had passed
You and I together.

And naught was heard, save the sobbing wind
In the trees without, and the troth within

Of two beating hearts, who vowed to impart
Their true plight forever,

Ah! you and I together.

SWEET EVENTIDE

Lovingly To My Sister
SISTER MARY BERCHMANS
Academy of Our Lady of Mercy
Red Bluff, Cal.

SWEET eventide, so full of calm repose,
With flitting shadows of the coming night,
No fairer scene could one e'er thus behold,
Than thy grand beauty steep'd in pale sunlight.

While clouds of gold and silver fleck the sky,
And cast their shining hues upon the stream,
The twittering swallows dart then quickly by,
And early evening stars come forth and gleam.

A soft caressing breeze of balmy air,
Is filled with sweetest fragrance of the flowers,
So lulls the senses to forget all care,
And beckons one to dreams of fairy bowers.

The vesper bells from yonder convent, chime
The peaceful soothing hour of prayer and sleep,
And peal forth to the world the passing time,
Proclaim that Heav'n o'er all will vigil keep.

Thus twilight passes, giving night its birth,
And tenderly a mantle doth enfold
So tranquilly, around the dreaming earth,
And sets the night-watch forth, in stars of gold.



RELEASE

Respectfully Dedicated To My Father

MY work on earth at last is done,
The sunset of my life begun;
And I upon a lonely way
Wend feeble steps at close of day.
The dying sun in tender light
Kisses the earth a soft good-night;
Darkness of night comes on apace,
Millions of stars in boundless space
Come gleaming with the rising moon,
Whose silv'ry lustrous shining ray
Makes night more beautiful than day.

And over hill and over dale
Resounding echoes from the vale
Carry the moans of human wail;
And near a hidden quiet nook,
I lay me down with one last look.
As in a dream I cross a shore,
Me thinks I've dwelt there long afore,
And see the portals all ajar,

While music greets me from afar,
Sweet spirits beckon on and on
The restless wand'rer they have won.
My chastened soul unbound, set free,
Floats forth of all captivity,
Oblivious of the weary past,
Redeemed, and safe at home at last.



THE EGOTIST

Dedicated to the Man Whom the Cap Fits

THE Egotist is such a man
Who deems himself the great "I am,"
The world to sin and vice is prone
While he, consummate, stands alone.

He sees in others every fault-
Commenting he could ne'er be brought
To err in any human way,
For he's above the common clay.

But you should watch his little game-
You'll find it's not so very tame.
His constant pose of a grand good man
Is just a lie, an artful sham.

He lives along in sly disguise,
A martyred man whose connubial ties
Are irksome to a high degree,
And with slander, against his mate goes free.

He speaks about his virtues rare
Boasts he is ne'er seen anywhere
With maiden pure, nor virtuous wife,
It might destroy his prestige in life.

Yet he enters the home of a trusting friend,
Betrays all faith, to gain his end,
Thinks nought of wrecking lives of both:-
To destruction (of others) he's nothing loath.

Of charities then you'll later hear,
Which he endows with thousands mere.
With this he seeks to ease his mind
For many acts of the basest kind.

The world looks on, the world looks wise,
To the light of truth it shuts its eyes;
But a day will come, Oh, the world's surprise,
The wolf will be shorn of his sheep's disguise.



A GEM

Respectfully Dedicated To
MR. FRANK T. HUNTOON
Of New York City

WITHIN my jewel casket,
I have a gem most rare,
It does outshine all others,
And has my constant care.

And when I'm sad and weary,
With Life and Life's stern part,
And all the World seems dreary,
I place it next my heart.

Its clearness seems to cheer me,
And give me strength each day,
To guide my faltering footsteps
O'er Life's hard stormy way.

It brings thy voice quite near me,
In whispers, sweet and low,
Be brave, be bright, be cheerful,
As down Life's path you go.

It is our truest friendship,
This jewel very rare,
That does outshine all others;
God bless me with its care.

PANSIES

To My Son
FRANK W. STECHHAN

SOME future day when I am dead,
And you will know I am no more,
Alone and silently you'll tread
The winding path, to the old church door.
The past will meet you as a dream,
A tide of awakening mem'ries seem
As though to overwhelm you.
Forgotten love you thought at rest
Will hold full sway within your breast;
Then tears will flow and dim your eyes
From trembling lips a prayer will rise
For me, asleep, in the church-yard nigh,
My name you'll whisper o'er and o'er
While strewing pansies o'er my mound.
But tho' mine ear be deaf to sound
My Spirit bending o'er thee will forgive,
And be thy guardian angel while you live.

A POEM

TO MRS. FRANKIE RICHET WALKER
Portland, Ore.

I watched the birth of each fair dawn,
The rising sun, in glorious light,
Grow into rosy morn.
(A wond'rous, beauteous sight)
All through the valley,
And o'er the mountain heights
Dewy mists kept rising
Veiling with vapors grey,
The mighty trees, and approach of coming day.
But as the ascending sun grew stronger,
Its piercing rays cleared
Mists and clouds alike away.
And as some fairy magic wonder
Earth's loveliness revealed,
Superb, by perfect day.
Now from the woodland hills nearby
Commingle voices of the birds,
With the cuckoo's cry
Rend the air with untold melodies.
Thus all drowsy earth awakes
And lives and breathes
In silent woods, among the trees,

In mossy dells, and streaming brooks,
Along the hills, in quiet nooks,
And like one long, enchanting dream,
So doth appear fair nature's scene.

I watched the coming twilight hour
Forshadowing the night.
The wonders of a Supreme Power,
In countless stars that shown so bright,
The climbing moon, behind the hill
Shed silv'ry beams o'er rock and rill.
And evening, now quite calm and still
Calls forth the nightingale's sweet trill.
I listen to the passionate song
Of love's young dream, life's cruel wrong.
Of faith betrayed, love buried, dead,
All cherished hopes forever fled.
Alas! that song of love and woe,
Brings back dear days of long ago.
Then sighing oft', my eyes grow wet,
And dreaming, I would fain
In endless sleep, the World forget.

BURIED LOVE

To a Departed Friend
Only Across the River

SHE buried her love as in a dream,
Where lonely nature reigns supreme,
Where daisies nod and grasses grow,
And sighing branches whisper low;
She buried her love here years ago.

Ah, Time has come, and time has flown.
Together the bleeding wound has grown;
Yet mem'ries live, the scar is left
And tells forever the love bereft,
The love she buried years ago.



TO A FLOWER

Dedicated To
HARRISON FISHER
Of New York City

DEAR little flower, so pure and white,
Blooming alone, on this green site,
Tender, sweet, and very fair.

How I should love to pluck and wear
Thee to-night, in my nut brown hair!

'Twould only be but an hour or so:-
Thus I'll pass on, and leave thee to grow.

Leave thee to bloom in the warm sunlight
And close your eyes in the shades of night,
And breathe your breath of fragrance rare.

Yet, how I'd love to pluck and wear
Thee to-night, in my nut-brown hair!

Alas! 'twould be but an hour or so:-
Thus I'll pass on, and leave thee to grow.



DESPAIR

I stood upon the brink
Of silent, mute Despair;
No Future could I see,
But one of mystery
And never ceasing care.
The Past's sweet tender thoughts
Then flitted like a dream
Before my aching eyes.
This rush of memories
So made my bosom heave
With untold, stifled sighs,
Regrets, that Life forsooth
Is constant hope impaired,
With e'er a cross to bear.

A PRAYER

To my Friend
EUGENIE RICHEL
Portland, Ore.

IN silent prayer on bended knee,
I lift my soul, Oh, God, to Thee;
Thou see'st my heart; know'st my despair.
To thee I do confide all care;
On bended knee, Oh, God, I pray
To rightly guide me on my way.

In silent prayer, on bended knee,
I bow, Oh, God, most high, to Thee;
Oh, cleanse my soul, make pure my heart,
And give me strength to bear Life's part;
In woe or weal, on bended knee,
Oh, let me never doubt in Thee.



DESPONDENCY

TO ALEX.

YOU came when hope was sinking fast,
And bade me listen and be strong,
You told the story of your wrong;
With sorrow in my tender heart,
And all the love I could impart,
In sacred trust I gave to you.
Thus in your arms my life was cast,
Content that all our days should pass
Within the haven of sweet love.
But as the fleeting years rolled by,
Me-thought a shadow in your eye
Disclosed a sadness, a regret.
Its meaning you would ne'er unfold,
Altho' my soul grew dark with fear,
My heart was wrung with woe untold,
But I did love and trust in you.
Ah me,---I love you dearly still,
And when I see those sad, sweet eyes,
With unshed tears from grief so fill,

My very being aches with pain.
My accusations had been vain.
With open arms again I plead
For memory of all the past,
For did you not then come to me
When my last hope was sinking fast.



WARNING

SOME day your day will come:-
My day has long gone by:-
And now in looking back,
I tremble and I sigh,
Remembering well nigh,
How you left me alone,
With crushed and bleeding heart,
So desolate to die:-
Left me despairing love,
Which racked my very soul,
Eyes dimmed with tears of blood,
That down my blanched cheeks flowed.
Oh, those remorseful sighs
Pierced my poor heart with cries:-
Some day your day will come,
Mine has gone by. Again,
I tremble and I sigh,
Remembering Death's cold clasp,
Which threatened, yet passed by,
Sad pangs my soul did know,
Anguish, and Oh, such woe:-
Some day your day will come,
My day has long gone by.

DREAMING

To My Young Girl Friends

O H, dream, loved ones, dream on,
And may you happy be,
Thus borne on wings of love,
Caressed so tenderly,
O'er pathways strewn with flowers
To Love's own world of bliss,
Where heart and heart doth share
The raptures of a kiss.
There arms are ever open,
And smiles are ever thine,
Pure gladness and devotion
Make life a joy sublime.
So dreaming, thus dream on,
And may you happy be,
For when awakening comes,
All dreams forever flee.

INCONSTANT MAN

(From Keen Observation)

LET the man be who he may
I'm seeking character he'll say
And in his toil of work and strife
And in the ups and downs of life
He will succumb in many a way,
Yet change his mind ere break of day,
To beauty, passing quite serene,
He'll fondly bend there to be seen
In any form of love divine
To worship at the earthly shrine.
And when he's had his very best
He yet contented will not rest
For having gained her, not in vain
He'll grow indifferent just the same.
Then non-comprehension inflicts pain
Upon them both, and so makes tame
All the man starts out to gain.



A THOUGHT

WERE I to kill the flesh
To set my spirit free,
Think'st thou, that ne'er in Heaven
A place for me would be ?

Would God be so unkind
Ne'er to forgive the deed,
If I my tortured soul
From earthly clay had freed ?

A REQUEST

WHEN I am dead and gone,
Let there be no song,
No flowers, pure and white,
Or Vigils kept at night,
When I am dead and gone.

Weep not, at my lone bier,
E'en you, who hold me dear,
Deem me at last blest
To find the sleep of rest,
When I am dead and gone.



YB 76418

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C045565149

280160

Handwritten signature or mark

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

